In all reſpects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, goe you to her ere you goe to bed,
Acquaint her here with my ſonne *Paris* love,
And bid her, marke you me, on wedneſday next:
But ſoft, what day is this?

Paris. Monday, my Lord.

Ca. Monday, ha, ha, well wedneſday is too ſoone;
A thurſday let it be, a thurſday tell her
Shee ſhall be married to this noble Earle:
Will you be ready? doe you like this haſte?
Wee'll keepe no great adoe, a friend or two:
For harke you, *Tibalt* being ſlaine ſo late,
It may be thought we held him careleſly,
Being our kinſman, if we revell much:
Therefore wee'll have ſome halfe a dozen friends,
And there an end: But what ſay you to Thurſday?

Paris. My Lord, I would that thurſday were to morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone, a thurſday be it then:
Goe you to *Juliet* ere you goe to bed,
Prepare her, wife, againſt this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord: light to my chamber ho,
Afore me: it is ſo very late, that we may call it early by and by.
Goodnight.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo *and* Juliet *aloft*.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet neare day:
It was the Nightingale and not the Larke,
That pearc't the fearefull hollow of thine eare;
Nightly ſhe ſings on yond Pomegranate tree:
Beleeve me love it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Larke, the herald of the morne,
No Nightingale: looke love what envious ſtreakes
Doe lace the ſevering clouds in yonder Eaſt:
Nights candles are burnt out, and jocond day
Stands tip-toe on the miſty mountaines tops:
I muſt be gone and live, or ſtay and dye.

Jul. Yond light is not day-light, I know it I:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22326) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SC